

48 Eng. Hist. Topog. vol. 13. 2

A  
T R I P  
T O  
NORTH-WALES:  
BEING  
A Description of that  
C O U N T R Y  
A N D  
P E O P L E.

---

*Vincit qui Patitur.*

---

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year, 1701.



A  
T R I P  
TO  
NORTH-WALES:

BEING  
A Description of that  
COUNTRY

AND  
PEOPLE

Printed and Published.

Printed in the Year 1701.  
J. O. M. D. C. C. I.



---

---

T H E  
Epistle Dedicatory.

To W. ---- T. ---- Esq;

S I R,

**B**Eing retir'd to a place where I have little else to do, but sit still and Scribble, I thought a short Description of *North-Wales*, might be as Diverting to others to Read, as the Country was Tedious to me to Travel. Especially, when I consider, that (tho' it be a part of this Island of *Great Britain*) it is (in a manner) as much unknown to us, that live in the Centre of the Nation, as *Newfoundland* to a Country Vicar, or *Ultima Thule* to a primitive Geographer. 'Tis true, both *Cambden* and *Speed* give you some cursory Accounts of the Place: But, as the Former's Knowledge was Extracted from a parcel of Old Moth-eaten Records, very little to the purpose, and that Eternally Voluminous Romancer, *Giraldus Cambrensis*; so the Other fetch'd his from as many Traditional Legends, of equal Authority with *Rablais's Garagantua*, and *Beard's Theatre*.

The Method, I dare say, is very New; for, 'tis neither confin'd to the strict Rules of a Journalist, nor yet Writ with the Latitude of a Traveller at large. If my Readers be not too grave, I hope the thing will not be thought too light. Every Man has his peculiar Vanity. The Soldier's not more proud of a Lac'd Coat and Feather, than the Priest is of his Paragon Cassock and Circingle, or the Citizen of his *Fine Wife*. It would be absurd for me to request your good Opinion of it, when I have deny'd it my own. Therefore, I shall only add, That 'tis hop'd it may afford you one Hour's Diversion, which, if you find, he will not think his Labour lost, who is,

*Your Affectionate Friend and Servant,*

E. B.



THE  
PREFACE to the READERS,  
Whether Genile or Simple.

**T**Here's No-body doubts but Solomon shew'd himself as much a Philosopher, when he treated of the Hysop on the Wall, as when he took the Cedar of Lebanon for his Subject. A Titian, a Michael Angelo, a Vandike, or a Kneller, equally display their Art, in portraying a loathsom Dunghil, as in describing a Magnificent Palace. This Motive alone induc'd me to attempt the History of a Country, famous for nothing so much, as its Singularity from all others. You have been even cloy'd with London-Spies, Trips to Jamaica, the Bath, and the Jubilee: Perhaps, a Trip to Wales, may, for its Novelty, prove a little acceptable, tho' no Accuracy of composure recommends it to your Perusal. 'Tis not my Business, either to cajole you into a good humour by Compliments (which I never much affected) or, to fright you into good Manners, by a rough Bully-like Preface, no less offensive on the other Hand. I Writ what follows, purely to please my own Fancy, without the least regard to You, your Heirs and Assigns, or any of them. And you may (if you please) try if it will have the same effect upon yours; If not, I declare it, in plain English, you are as free to let it alone. I cannot but think it as Reputable an Employment for Me, as for an Emperor to catch Flies. And so I surrender it to the Mercy of a Critical Captious World; without troubling myself, whether it be preferr'd to the Closet, or sentenc'd to a less honourable Place.

E. B.

---



A  
T R I P  
T O  
NORTH-WALES

I Know not by what fatality it came to pass, that I was bred up to the Study of the Law ; but, surely the importunity of others had a greater hand in it, than any inclination of my own ; for, I was ever of Opining, a Young Barrister without an Estate ( my Case ) made as awkward a Figure, as a Dancing-Master in the Habit of a Non-Con Parson ; In regard, such rarely get their Bread, till they have lost their Teeth to eat it. However, being call'd to the Bar, I began to consider, what Way I might best let my self into Business, with the least certainty of Expence, and the greatest probability of Advantage. Amongst all the numerous Projects that fill'd my Head, I could think of none like going a Welch Circuit. For hap'ning one Day ( in Trinity Term ) to dine at a Welch Judge's House, with whom I was acquainted, I met there some Attorneys of that Country, who, in less time than a Man might say over a Pater-Noster, made all that was set upon the Table invisible ; and then, to make us amends, entertain'd us with a Romantick harangue of the Felicities of *North-Wales*, which they talk'd of, as if they had been describing the Land of *Promise*, that flow'd with Milk and Honey ; nay, they wanted little of persuading me, that Broad Cloath of Twelve Shillings a Yard, grew upon the Hedges ; and every now and then, a request was wedg'd in, that I would come and Practice amongst them. There needed not half so many Arguments, to put me upon a thing I was Naturally forward enough to undertake. So the bargain was quickly Struck up, and I fully determin'd to Visit *Wales* the very next Circuit.

But, before I proceed any further, I will first premise some Account of the Place, and Inhabitants, and then speak of my own Treatment there.

*Wales* then ( antiently called *Cimbria* ) is divided into *North*, and *South Wales*. 'Tis the former of these I propose to say somewhat off. This consists of Six intire ( tho' small ) Counties, viz. *Montgomery*, *Flint*, *Denbigh*, *Merioneth*, *Carnarvan*, and the *Isle of Anglesea*, and is seperated from *England*, by the Rivers *Dee*, and *Severn*.



## A Trip to North-Wales.

The Air is the best thing it has to boast of, and will sooner procure you an Appetite, than furnish you with means to supply it.

The Country looks like the fag end of the Creation; the very Rubbish of *Noah's Flood*; and will (if any thing) serve to confirm an Epicurean in his Creed, That the World was made by Chance.

The highest Hills that ever I saw in *England*, such as *Penygent*, *Ingleburrugh*, and the like, are meer Cherrystones to the British Alps; and no more to be compar'd with them, for Stature, than a Grasshopper with *Goliath* of *Gath*. So that there is not in the whole World, a People, that live so near to, and yet so very far from Heaven, as the Welch do.

You cannot Travel from Town, to Town, but you must needs take the Clouds in your way, who so gratefully resent your Civility in calling upon them, that you will have no occasion to complain they send you away dry; for you may, at your Journey's end, bestrike your Cloaths with as good a Grace, as any Water-Dog does his Shaggy Pantaloon.

A Tree challenges as many Lookers-on here, as a Blazing Star, or an *African Monster* does elsewhere. And for green things (Leeks only excepted) you might have seen as many in *Egypt* when the Locusts had been Raparecing the Country.

Coaches in many Parts; were never so much as heard off, nor can the Natives form any Idea's of them, that are not as disproportioned to the Truth, as *Montezuma's* Conception of the Sea, who had never seen any thing longer than a Horse-Pond. Carts are about the size (and somewhat of the shape) of Brewers Drays.

Horfes are no Rarities, but very easily mistaken for Mastiff-Dogs, unless view'd attentively; they will live half a Week upon the Juice of a Flint Stone. (For Grass and Hay, they know as little as Oates.) And they will run upon the Ridge of a Mountain as thin as the back of a Knife, with as much security and speed, as an accomplish'd Race-Horse will exert upon *New-Market-Heath*, or *Salisbury-Plain*.

Their Beasts are all small, except their Women, and their Lice, both which are (to an Hyperbole) of the largest size.

They want not store of Mutton, that is tollerably sweet, for Meat so lean: But GoatsFlesh (as more suitable to their own Rank Constitution) has the preference; this (forsooth) they call *Rock-Venison*.

These Goats are such excellent Climbers, that the only way to be familiarly acquainted with them, is to tender your Respects, by a Musket Ball.

Little want is there of Fish; such as *Trout*, *Guinaid*, *Salmon*, *Lobsters*, and the like, but no *Maids* to be met with.

Their Beef is as tough as an Artillery Man's Coat upon a Training Day, and requires a very Ostriches Stomach to digest it.

You cannot suppose they want Pork, in a Country so very Swinish.

Their Dressing Victuals serves to verifie an Old Proverb, That where God sends Meat, some body else will furnish 'em with Cooks.  
Their



## A Trip to North-Wales.

3

Their Houses generally consist but of one Room, but that plentifully stock'd with Inhabitants; for besides the Proprietors, their Children, and Servants, you shall have two, or three Swine, and Black Cattle (White they are never without) under the same Roof, and hard to say, which are the greater Brutes.

These Houses have holes dug in their Sides, that serve 'em for a double purpose, both to let in Light, and to let out Smoke; they represent both Windows and Chimneys: For shou'd a Man have a Chimney perching on the top of his Thatch'd Mansion there, he wou'd stand in great danger of being prickt down for High Sheriff.

Cow-dung is their principal Fiering; and the neater sort use Swine's dung instead of Soap.

Necessary Houses are the only places reputed needless here: Perhaps, the same Pot that boyls their Food, serves 'em for another use. This you may assure your self, their is very soft treading near a Welch House, for those that are troubled with Corns. In a word, 'tis an absolute Cataplasm; but no Carrion will Kill a Crow.

Thus much for their Habitations: Now for those that dwell in 'em.

Some suppose 'em to be descended from the same common Parents with us; but to hear one of them Talk, you wou'd take 'em for a sort of *Præ-Adamites*; nor can there be any thing imagin'd so troublesome, as a Welch-Man, when possess'd with the Spirit of Genealogy. They are (doubtless) the true Off-Spring of the Ancient Britains; and having crept into an obscure Corner of the Land, no ways able to recompence the toyl of Conquest; They liv'd for many Ages undisturb'd, and as safe as a Thief in a Mill, till our first *Edward*, with much ado, Cudgell'd 'em into Humanity, and persuaded 'em (fore against their wills) to live a little like the rest of their Neighbours.

Wolves were formerly as plentiful amongst 'em, as Pick-Pockets at a Conventicle, till their Princes being oblig'd to pay a Yearly Tribute of Three Hundred; In a process of Time, no noxious Vermine, but the Inhabitants, were left in the Land.

They have this in common with the *Jews*, that they ever Marry in their own Tribe, which, as it is detrimental to them; so it is highly advantageous to all others.

Their Language is inarticulate and guttural, and sounds more like the Gobling of Geese, or Turkeys, than the Speech of Rational Creatures. It is stuff'd as full with Apes, as ever you saw a Leg of Veal with Parsly.

They are so well vers'd in the History of their Descents, that you shall hear a poor Beggar Woman derive her Extraction from the first Maid of Honour, to *Nimrod's* Wife, or else she thinks she is no-body.

If they want a Pewter Spoon or Porringer in their House, yet will they by no means be without a Pedigree.

The



The Itch is more Hereditary among 'em than Estates; and they have Lice upon all their Bodies. To remedy the former of these inconveniencies (the other is not reputed any) they anoint themselves so profusely with Brimstone, that their Shirts and Shifts might almost serve instead of Card-Matches; so that they are intolerable Company, if once they get the Wind of you.

They are such great lovers of Cleanliness, that they never Shift above four times a Year, and that exactly upon Quarter Day, except it happen to be Leap-Year.

Most of the middle (and all the meaner) sort, are as absolute strangers to Shoes and Stockings, as to moral Honesty: Whereby their Legs and Feet become in time so callous, that hardly any thing will hurt 'em.

For their Christianity (if you'll believe *Tertullian*) they came by it very early; but (like an Old Coat) it is now grown so thread bare, that you can hardly make it out, that there ever was any such thing as Christianity amongst 'em.

They Preface every thing, with *Got* and *St. Taphy know*. Which Saint was a very worthy Gentleman, that cou'd play at Back-Sword well. You may read of him plentifully in that excellent Book, call'd, *The History of the Seven Champions*; to which I refer you for further Information.

Their most usual Imprecations are these; *May Hur never wear Leek more*; *May Hur be choaked with tosted Cheese*; and, *The Tiphil pite Hur Head off*.

Their Churches somewhat resemble the Jewish Temple, when converted into a Pigeon-House. Their Pews look exactly like the Pens for Geese, Calves, and Hogs in *Rumford-Market*, or *West-Smithfield*. And there it is, that (by way of Ornament, not Use) they deposit those few Bibles they have.

Their Pulpits (generally the Trunk of some Hollow Tree) are badly cover'd, and worse lin'd. Their Priests (which are made of the vilest of the People) have just Latin enough to intitle 'em to the benefit of the Clergy, and no more. For Greek, it suffices them to have heard there is such a thing in the World, they never trouble themselves about it. Hebrew, they are the best qualified for that can be, partly in regard of their own guttural Pronunciation, and partly because its Roots Flourish best in barren Ground; but they are as absolute Strangers to it, as the rest of the Uncircumciz'd World.

Yet 'tis rare to see any of 'em without the Rubrick, and Cambridge Arms, *Lucem & Pocula*, Fire and Cups in their Faces; so very conformable are they.

Their Surplices are full as course (and almost as white) as Car-mens Frocks; you wou'd take 'em for Spiritual Muckenders, for they are perpetually wiping their Noses on 'em.

Five Marks a Year will creditably and comfortably maintain one of those illiterate Sir *Johns*, his Wife, and Six Children; nor do they deserve one Penny more than they have. They are universally the Sow-gelders and Ale-House-Keepers of their respective Parishes.



I heard a Parson recommend, in Publick, a Woman that the *French-Pox*, first to the Mercies of God in his Prayer, next to the Charity of all pious well-dispos'd Christians, that knew not how soon it might be their own Condition.

At *Penmorthey*, some of our Younger sort sent one Evening for a Fidler; and who do you think shou'd come, but the Reverend Doctor of the Parish? who pull'd a small squeaking Instrument (miscall'd a Violin) out of a slit in his Caslock, and began to make as good Melody as three or four Cats in a Garret at Midnight. A Person present, threw a Cake of Butter at him, which obnubilated one side of his Ecclesiastical Chops; he threatned to complain to his Diocesan, who was a Justice of Peace, but was soon stop'd by a present of six Pence; a sight, I suppose, he had not been bless'd with since last Easter-Offerings: After which he was so very pliant to the Humours of the Company, that you might (without offence) have kick'd him like a Foot-ball:

You may expect (but will not find) any Rings of Bells here; yet most of their Churches have one (about the bigness of a large Candlestick) hung upon (not in) a thing like a Steeple, as a Mushroom is a Milpost: This is generally rung out upon any joyful News.

I remember once we had a Church-Warden's Accounts Canvas'd in Court, and (amongst other things) there are these that follow.

*Item*, Three Pence for a twisted Hay-Rope to the Bell at St. Mary's Church.

*Item*, Seven Pence for a Gate, to keep off *Thomas Ap*, *Richard's* Cow, from devouring the aforesaid Hay-Rope.

Their Church-Yards serve the Dead for a Burying, and the Living for a Dancing Place, and that every Sunday; for there you shall see a Blind Harper mounted upon a Grave Stone, making admirable Harmony, and surrounded by the Long-Ear'd Tribe, like another *Orpheus* amongst the Beasts.

For their civil Government, 'tis after the Model of *England*; but in many things as much varies from it, as the *Turkish* Alchoran does from the *Scotch* Directory.

They have Judges of their own, that carry with them, in their Circuits, an Itinerant Chancery, King's-Bench, Common-Pleas, and Exchequer: So that the same Hand that inflicts the Wound at Common Law, applies the Equity Plaister also.

In three Weeks time, they will sue a Man to an Out-Lawry. It is the form of one of their Proclamations; *Morgan Cadwalader*, Gent. come forth and Answer to *Jane Ap*, *Rice Williams*, in a Plea of Dower, or else you lose three Kine, price fifteen Shilling.

They are very favourable to their own Country-men, and will by no means subject 'em to any Capital Punishment; an instance of which we had in our Circuit, where we cou'd not Hang one Man. There was a fellow Indicted for Sheep-Stealing, and a very pregnant Evidence of his Guilt Produc'd; yet the thick Seull'd Jury brought him in Guilty of Man-Slaughter. But Strangers are not to expect such fair Quarter.



Their Civil Actions are brought upon every frivolous Accounts. As for your Hens scraping up a Daisy in your Neighbour's Garden, for a phillip on the Nose, for saying you are no true Welch-Man, and the like.

No Man will appear there, either upon a Jury, or a Witness, unless he be call'd by his Addition of Quality, as well as Name; as *Hugh Owen, Esq*; *Evan Roberts, Gent.* Nay, it has been known, that when My Lords the Judges have in their Circuits, been so crouded, as to be well nigh Stifled upon the Bench; and the Sheriff has found all his Mandates to keep the King's Peace upon pain of Rebellion invalid; he has at last been forc'd to cry, All You that are *Gentlemen of Wales*, and *Antient Britans*, stand off, and keep your Distance; which has effectually done the Business.

They are of a Hot Cholorick Temper, and will, upon a word's speaking, run at you with their Knives full drive. But as their Valour is soon kindled, so it as quickly evaporates.

For their Women, they are happy that know them only by Report: For, to have to do with 'em, is, in a literal sense, to be guilty of the Sin of Uncleanness.

Reading is a valuable Accomplishment amongst both Sexes; but, to be able to Write too, makes 'em presently commence Rabbies: For many, even of the better sort, think themselves no mean Scholars, if they have once attain'd to be able to set their Marks to a Deed.

Their Wenches unsplit Meat with their Naked Teeth, which are full as sweet as clean: So that, had *Cornelius Agrippa* liv'd in *Wales*, 'tis more than probable, he had never put Cookery amongst his Vanities of Sciences.

Butter is there of a dark yellowish complexion, mixt with green; and you must hold your Nose in your own defence, before you can put it into your Mouth. However, 'tis very good to grease Cart-wheels.

Eggs bear no Price, unless they have Chickens in 'em; and then they are as much coveted, as Green Pease in *January* by a Big-belly'd Woman, or Spiders by a Sick Monkey.

Toasted Cheese epitomizes all Dainties with them; and they Eat it with as much Luxury, as the Scotch do *Steenbarnack*, or the Irish *Bonniclabber*. It is made of Cows Milk, mixt with that of Goats, Bitches, and Mares; so that an Englishman would as soon chuse to Dine with a Hungry Tartar upon Sun-burnt Horse-Flesh, as put a bit of it into his Mouth.

Forks they never use, looking upon Fingers as the more primitive Institution.

Their Liquor is of a pale deceitful complexion; but as treacherous in its Effects, as the worst of those that either Brew or Use it.

To sum up their Character in one Word.

They Live lazily and heathenishly; they Eat and Drink nastily; Lodge hardly; Snore profoundly; Belsh perpetually; Shift rarely; Loufe frequently; and Smoke Tobacco everlastingly.



An Account of my Entertainment amongst 'em must now ensue.

I had no sooner passed the River *Dee*, but I began to grow sensible I was not in *England*; for the Country I was got into, look'd no more like it, than if a Man had been in *America*, or the most uninhabited parts of *Arabia*. There was a savage Air in the Face of every body I met, that plainly told me, These must be Descended from *Brutus*, the Nephew of *Virgil's* Heroe.

The first Town we stept in, was the *Welchpoole* in *Montgomeryshire*; where we were so commodiously Lodged, that it may be presum'd *Marius*, when in the *Fens* of *Minturnum*, lay in a Palace, compar'd with this ill-favour'd resemblance of an Inn. We got early to Bed, in regard of our next day's Journey, which consisted of 12 Welch (that is to say 36 English) Miles; for every one of 'em was a complete Dutch League.

I had not gone above a third part of the way, ere my Horse lost a Shoe, an ordinary misfortune in that Rocky Country. I desired the Judge to stay till he was Shod; but he told me he could not, for he was oblig'd, by such an Hour, to meet his Brother at the City of *Dinas Mouthaye*, (a place I shall no more forget, than a Parliament Soldier *Edge-Hill* or *Marston-moor*,) which (as as he said) lay strait on, and was but 6 Miles distant. I order'd my Man to Book it down, to prevent mistakes; and expected to find a place, at least, twice as big as *Shrewsbury*. Well, I got my Beast Shod, with much ado, by a very Beast as himself; a Smith that could speak no more English than a Dromedary; and who liv'd (like the antient *Trogladites*, *Herodotus* and *Strabo* mention) at least three Fathom underground.

The first Object I met, I had like to have mistook for a piece of German Clock-work; his Head, Hands, and Feet, all kept Time; whilst he put himself to no less pains than *Hercules* in cleansing the Angean Stables, to make a living *Automaton*, call'd a *Keffel* (or Horse) move. The Creature appear'd thoroughly to have imbib'd the Doctrine of Passive-Obedience, and no more valu'd his Rider's Stripes and Kicks, than the French King does the Duke of *Modena*; but still preserv'd in his Pace, a Majestick Spanish Gravity: It look'd as if Lineally Descended from *Praise God bare Bones*, and was so gross an Idolater, that almost every Moment it Bowed down to Stocks and Stones. Friend (says I) Which is the Way to the City of *Dinas Mouthaye*? He survey'd me with as great attention, as if he design'd to draw my Picture, for a full quarter of an Hour; and then comforted me with a *Diggon Com-rague*, *Dimsarsnick*, i. e. (as I was afterwards told) *I can speak Welch, but no English*. At last, Riding on (after not a few perplexing Fears) I was got into the middle of the City, enquiring the way to it; till a Woman that had Shoes and Stockings on (whom, for that reason, I took to be a Person of Quality) told me I was in the High-Street. Casting my Wonder-struck Eyes about here and there, by some half Pikes that over-top'd a small Cottage,



Cottage, I began to perceive my Judge was got into his Grandure, and so it prov'd.

I found him in the uppermost Room of the House (that had notwithstanding a Clay Floor) which was hung with as Noble and Elegant Tapestry as ever Spiders Loom produc'd.

The Porridge-pot (bold as it was) fac'd His Majesty's Prime Commissioners of *Oyer and Terminer*, without the least appearance of Shame: But the Broom (as if good Housewifry were quite out of countenance) was modestly retir'd into a corner, behind the Door. It had two Beds at the upper-end, a Goat and two Pigs at the lower-end, and a Fire-place in the middle. His Lordship bad me welcome, and told me I came in Pudding-time, for they were just going to Dinner, and stay'd only for Mr. Mayor: Ay, thought I, it must needs be a blessed Mayor that belongs to this Corporation; and in the midst of my Contemplations, his Worship was pleas'd to appear.

There was a Fellow that carried a Batoon, or Truncheon (dawb'd with yellow at each end, in imitation of Gilding) much of the same fashion with those the Marshalls of the City Militia carry before their Captains, instead of a Mace before him.

He was of a Presence sufficiently August and Venerable; for he had just such a Face as our Sign-Post-Daubers give King *Harry VIII.* of Glorious Memory; and it might be divided, as Dr. *Heylin* has done the Kingdom of *Poland*, into Wood-Land and Champion: The northernmost part was lamentably overgrown with Hair, which much resembled Bavins at a Bakers. His Hat might be worth about two Groats, for the Kitchen-Stuff that was on it; but, setting aside that, the whole Inventory of his wearing Apparel had been over-rated at Six pence. His Cloaths hung about him like Bandileers, or Sauceages. And (to speak the truth) he was the Raggiest Dog of a Magistrate, that ever my Eyes beheld.

However, the Judges gave him the Right-hand of Fellowship, and set him at the upper end of the Table, where, after a little of the Welch Ale had invaded his Pericranium, his Tongue run as nimbly as wild-Fire, and that so very long, that the Philosophers who were at a loss for a perpetual Motion, might have found it there.

I remember (amongst other things) pointing to a House over the way, that the Sun Shon thro' in about five and forty places (and where one would have thought a Dog, or a Cat, cou'd not have subsisted a fortnight without catching cold) *Got knows* (says my Old Gentleman) *Hur Family has flourish'd there these eleven Hundred Years.*

From thence we departed after Dinner for the Town of *Dolgellth-lie*, in *Merionethshire*, where we kept our first Assizes, or (to speak in their Language) Great Sessions.

In our Passage upon the brow of a Mountain, we were met by the High Sheriff, at the head of the Gentry: They were such as would hardly have pass'd Muster for petty Constables here; but there 'twas every one, Colonel such-a-one, and Justice such-a-one.

They



They were mounted upon little Keffels, about a Cupit and half high, to which a *Scotch* Galway, or *Irish* Garron, look'd like *Bucephalus* himself; but what they wanted in Stature, was abundantly supply'd with the length of Mane and Tail, and a deep channel between every brace of Ribs.

This Town of *Dolgelthlie* had several things very Remarkable belonging to it; of which, the most Memorable were these.

*First*, It was wall'd with Walls six Miles high, meaning a Ridge of Rocks that environ'd it: And they were such, I'll assure you, as would have bid defiance to *Hannibal* and all his Vinegar.

Then we came into it under Water, and out of it over Water. A boarded channel convey'd a small River over our Heads; and we went out of it over a Bridge, *More Anglicano*.

Then the Steeple grew. There was but one Bell, a mere *Tinabulum*, and that hung in a Tree, which, to do the Country right, was the only Tree I saw growing there: For, setting aside that, I did not see Living Timber enough to make a Whipping Post of.

*Lastly*, There were more Ale-Houses than Houses in it; for every House was subdivided into divers little Tenements, each of which sold Drink apart.

Surrounded by a vast Tribe of the bare-footed Regiment, we got, at length, to our Lodgings; where I desired my Landlady to show me a good Room: *That shall you have*, says she, *God knows: And such a one as Christ nor Saint David ever Lodged in*. And in that she spoke nothing but truth; for it was a Ground Chamber, whose Walls look'd as if they had catch'd the Leprosie. They were plaister'd with Mortar of 20 different sorts of colours; and at the Beds-head was a cranny, thro' which the Wind diluted with force enough to blow off a Man's Night-cap.

No less than a whole Cart-load of Monumental Timber was carv'd into my Bedstead; and it was to be ascended by a Ladder of six or eight Steps; so that 'twas highly necessary for a Man to make his Will before he went into it, lest, if he had tumbled out in the Night, he had awaken'd in another World the next Morning, as infallibly he must have done.

The Ticking was so obdurate, that it seem'd to be Quilted with Flint Stones instead of Feathers; and perfectly drew Indentures in my Flesh.



Upon the Teaster a whole race of Welch Spiders, descended, as I presume, from the great *Cadwalader*, hung in clusters, ready to drop into my Mouth, if I slept with it open.

I had a pair of Sheets laid on as coarse as any Nutmeg-grater : I wish, to my comfort, I could have said they had been half as clean ; for they look'd of as dimsy a complexion, as if they had scrubb'd half the Keffels, or Horses, in the Country with them. When I express'd my dissatisfaction, and told my Landlady, I did at least depend upon the civility of a pair of clean Sheets, as being us'd to wear pretty good Linnen : She reply'd, *Got knows, I need not be so nice ; they had been lain in but six or eight Weeks ; she took them fresh off her Husband's Bed.* And then, you know, I had no reason to complain.

Well — in I got, but could no more Sleep, than if I had been in *Regulus's* Barrel or Little-Ease ; for I had a Regiment or two of Fleas immediately at free Quarter upon me ; which prov'd such admirable Phlebotomists, that I hardly knew my self, next Morning, when I came to consult a Looking-glass. And they may talk what they will of their black Cattle, I am sure I found some of a different complexion next Morning ; and in a week's time I was grown so complete a Grazier, that I could have stock'd e'er a Tartar in the Country. My Judge lodg'd in somewhat a better Room overhead ; and following him down Stairs one day, I had the luck to find an overgrown Louse of the first magnitude, on his Scarlet Robes. I was at first strongly tempted to lay violent Hands on it, for its audacity ; but at last resolv'd to let it alone ; concluding it must needs, some time or other, fall into the Hands of Justice ; as no doubt but it did, tho' unknown to me.

My Man they cram'd into a hole in the Roof of the House, the Hieroglyphick of an Oven, much about the size of an English Hen-roost ; where notwithstanding, as he told me himself, he made a shift to enjoy a more comfortable Repose than his Master could meet with.

But this was not all : Misfortunes rarely come single : in the middle of the Night (wanting the usual Fortifications of Lock and Bolt to my Chamber Door) in comes a great Sow, who, I suppose, had been Tenant in Possession there before, and came to claim a re-entry. She was so very big, that I was horribly afraid she would have Pig'd under my Bed : With this grunting Chamber-fellow I was oblig'd to pass over the Night ; but never in my whole Life before pray'd either so heartily, or so often, *Phosphore redde Diem.*



Next Morning, occasionally consulting a bit of Looking-glass that was pasted up against the Wall (in which a Pigmy could not see his Phiz, but by *Senebdoche*) I found I was grown an absolute Stranger to my own Countenance, so miserably had my Canibals excoriated and disfigur'd it.

When I got up I call'd for a Basin of Water, to see if the Liquid Element would contribute any thing towards meliorating my Looks. The Wench (to show the frankness of her Temper) brings no less than a pailful, but so very dirty, that (excepting her own Face) I saw nothing likelier to turn a Man's Stomach in a Morning fasting. All that I shall say of my Towel, is, That it was very correspondent to my Sheets.

I next sent out for a Barber (resolving to set the best Face upon Matters I could) and in about half an hours time, in comes a greasy Fellow, swift to shed innocent Blood, who, in a trice, from a portable cupboard, call'd, his Codpiece, pulls out a Woollen Night-Cap (that smelt very much of humane Sweat, and Candle-grease) and about two Ells of Toweling, of so coarse a Thread, that they might well have serv'd a Zealous Catholick instead of a Penitential Hair-Cloth.

After some fumbling, he pulls out a thing he call'd a Razor; but any Man else, both by the Looks, and Effects, would easily have mistaken it for a chopping Knife; and with pure strength of Hand, in a short time he Shav'd me so clean, that not only the Hairs of my Face, but my very Skin was become invisible; for he left me not sufficient to make a Patch for an *Aethopian* Lady of Pleasure: I gave him a small piece, bearing *Cæsar's* Image and Superscription; at which he doff'd me so low a Bow, that the very Clay Floor was indented with his Knuckles, and so he reverently took his leave.

Going into the Kitchen, which was as near my Chamber as might be, I found my Landlady preparing for a very nice piece of Cookery, and that was to make a Fricassee of Chickens, by the help of a Whistle that summon'd also her Maids and Hogs. The young Family were soon got to the Rendezvous; and when she saw a full apperance, a good Billet Artificially manag'd, made the Mitimus of about half a Dozen of 'em in a moments space; both their Feathers and Skins were stript, and the poor Creatures handled with more Barbarity, than a *London Hangman* ever us'd to a Traitor's Body.

Whilst I stood in a brown Study, contemplating her Neatness; I was on a sudden surpriz'd with a Noise much resembling that of Coopers, Trunk-makers, Pewterers, and Tinkers in Consort. In a word, *Babel* it self never produc'd a more confus'd, or inharmonious Jargon.

Upon



Upon putting my head out of the Window, I found it was a Company of their Militia, marching into a Valley to perform their Exercise: They did so exceedingly revive in my Memory the Black-Guards, that I was sometime before I could persuade my self I was not at *Charing-Cross*.

They went as the unclean Beasts enter'd the Ark by couples: Most of them had Swords stuck in the Waistband of their Breeches for want of more regular Belts: They had quires of brown Paper sticht upon their Stomachs to keep off Bullets; and about two thirds of 'em were Arm'd with Birding-pieces, as if they were going to make War with the Sparrows, Feldefares, and Jackdaws: The rest carried long Poles, miscall'd Pikes: Their Colours seem'd to be patch'd together out of some Old *Darneux* Curtains; what their impress was, I cou'd not learn. Their Drums were Pails and small Tubs, headed with Pedigrées, which made a terrible noise. Their Officers, for distinction, instead of Scarves and Corsets, wore great bunches of Leeks in their Hats. When their Names were call'd over, you would have concluded you had heard the Muster-Rool of *Xerxes's* Army, but 'twas only, *Vox, & perterea nihili*.

As I cast my Eyes around, I spy'd an Object, that methoughts (in regard of his rueful Looks, and wretched Habit) was intitled to compassion, if not Charity; and he seem'd with a very moving, tho' dumb, Rhetorick to invite me to a Conference; but, bless me! How easily are we Mortals mistaken! This very individual numerical Animal, who was the absolute Hieroglyphick of a Scare-Crow, instead of asking me an Alms, as I verily expected, came to proffer me a Fee, or rather Bribe; for it seems some malicious Neighbours of his had a Months mind to make him high Sheriff of the County, he being a substantial Gentleman, worth Sixty Pounds *per Annum*, and he was desirous to use my supposed Interest with the Judges to get him excus'd.

Thus was I introduc'd into the Circuit; what further Memorable Passages did occur in, and out of Court, I design, if this meets with a friendly reception to make the Subject of a Second Part, and so for the present shall give a little repose to my Pen and Fingers-ends.

*F I N I S.*



